HUGH DOUGHERTY, NOTED MINISTREL, BIDS CITY GOOD-BY

Man Endeared to Millions Goes to Home With Adopted Daughter

ALMOST 73 YEARS OLD

Health Poor, but He Still Can Make Song Tribute to Town He Loves

Hughey's Farewell Word Tribute to Philadelphia

Hughey Dougherty leaves this city probably forever on the 4:31 train this afternoon.

He will pass his remaining days with his stepdaughter, Mrs. Evalina Butland, in Los Angeles.

He was a minstrel for more than fifty years.

He will have a royal send-off from loyal friends.

His last word is a tribute to the city of his birth.

He won a big following by originality and clean fun.

"HUGHEY" DOUGHERTY

Exit Hughey Dougherty.

The famous minstrel who has made us all laugh for years is going to quit the town this afternoon.

And everybody who has any Philadelphia blood in him will be there to wish him Godspeed when he makes his final bow from the train which is to take him from our sight undoubtedly forever. He goes to spend his remaining days with his daughter, Mrs. Evalina Butland, of Los Angeles. He adopted her many years ago, before he was in his prime as a minstrel.

When Hughey became deparately ill and was taken to St. Agnes' Hospital more than two months ago she heard of it through the newspapers.

"Come home," was the message the old minstrel received one day. It was signed simply "Evalina."

When his little adopted daughter was christened at the Church of the Assumption, 11th and Spring Garden streets, Hughey was singing the song "Evalina," so the baby was called Evalina. And so, like bread cast upon the waters, she will be at Los Angeles to greet Hughey when he arrives there on Saturday.

The aged minstrel—he is nearing 73—doesn't want any fuss about his leaving this afternoon. He heard that some one had planned to kidnap him for fun, and it worries him.

"I got to get my hair cut and get my laundry and a lot of things, and there won't be any time for any skylarking stuff. I'm a kind of afraid of that laundry fellow; he hasn't been on time with it yet."

Hughey's face is ratner full, despite his ilness, and that twinkle in his eye, the twinkle which used to bring many a laugh at the 11th Street Opera House, is still there. He finds is somewhat difficult to walk, but he feels that the air on the coast will brace him. In fact, the old minstrel believes that there's one more show left in him yet.

"What message have you for Philadelphia?" he was asked.

"I'm not leaving Philly," he said. "It'll always be with me in memory. The thoughts don't come as quick as they used to," he said, as his hand ran through his scant white hair, "but how is this on the impulse?"

Dear old Philly,
You're as white as a lily,
And you've won a just renown.
I'll be for you
Until I'm through,
And let nobody run you down.

Hughey said he'd try to reel off a few lines about Evalina at Broad Street Station.

He finds it hard to remember things suddenly. Asked to sing it today as he was looking after his effects, Hughey offered the following in a fairly clear voice:

Way down in the Green Valley
Where the lilies they do grow
And the winds from the mountain
(Forgotten)

CHORUS.

Sweet Evalina, dear Evalina,
My love for thee will never, never die.
Sweet Evalina, dear Evalina,
My love for thee will never, never die.

Among those who will greet Hughey at the station this afternoon will be Joe Fox and William Ward, the oldest blackface team on the stage and still at it. They will soon celebrate their golden jubilee. Both sat with Hughey in the famous circle at Carncross & Dixey's and Dumont's. Then there will be Frank Dumont, Vic Richards, John Breslin, assistant treaburer of Dumont's Minstrels, who will accompany Hughey to Los Angeles; John J. Keirans, Norman Jefferies, Frank Donnelly, Ed B. Rohn, of the Bingham Hotel, and numerous managers and hotel proprietors who have known the old minstrel for years.

Hughey will not have anything to worry about en route. He is scheduled to reach Chicago at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon, when he will be met by Francis Leon, an old minstrel, and a number of actor folk and well-known Philadelphians who are in Chicago for the convention. He is scheduled to arrive at Los Angeles on Saturday.

Hughey was born in this city near 4th and Gaskill streets. After doing little turns at concerts he came to the attention of Sam Sanford and made his professional debut, it is said, with Sam Sanford's minstrels at the Eleventh Street Opera House.

When Carncross and Dixey succeeded the Sanford combination Hughey remained for many years. He left here for awhile and toured all over the country with the leading minstrel troupes of those times.

Later he returned to this city and was with Frank Dumont's minstrels, which succeeded Carncross and Dixey.

An insight into his character is shown by the devotion he paid his wife. While he was playing here she was for a long time ill in New York. Hughey boarded a train every night after the show and went to comfort her. He returned every night early in time for the performance. For many years he made his home at the Hotel Bingham. A benefit given by Dumont's minstrels April 17 and 18 netted most of the money with which his expenses to the coast were paid.

WAR HAS WROUGHT GREAT CHANGES IN ANGLO-SAXON CHARACTERISTICS

Placid, Pretentious, Pompous Dwellers in Suburbia Lose Dross of Caste and Pride in the Purifying Flame of the Fire of High Aspiration and Achievement

Written Especially for Evening Ledger.
By ELLEN ADAIR

LONDON, May 20.

NUMEROUS strange prognostications are being made on the changes, economical and social, which will occur when the war is over. But few people stop to investigate the personal problem—in other words, the resultant transformation in the individual character.

For no man can pass through the madness and come forth unchanged. No man can be pitchforked from the quiet, humdrum, sedentary life of pre-war days into the seething maelstrom of the Great Adventure and come back esentially the same. That would be a psychological impossibility.

Take the case of Mr. Jones, typical resident of Suburbia, placid, peace-loving and paternal, blameless of imagination as of guile, eminently respectable and "bon citoyen." The suburbs of London town swarmed with its Mr. Joneses before the war. One watched them of an evening watering their trim little lawns with miniature hoses, pruning their rose trees while they smoked the pipe of peace and finally dozing off over the evening paper. Morning saw them trotting placidly in pursuit of the 8:35 to town, back to the same old routine, back to the same old office and the same old grind.

A curiously dull and uneventful life had Mr. Jones, of Suburbia! His range of vision was so limited that he seldom saw the wood for the obstructing trees. The trees were good enough for him, he said—and forests anyhow were wearisome, perplexing things. It was hard to find one's way out, sometimes. And always they involved calculation. He hated undue calculation—the evening paper offered sufficient mental exercise—and as for physical relaxation, there were always the rose-trees and the garden hose.

Such was Friend Jones—in pre-war days. I have in mind one particular member of his class, a little nervous, fussy gentleman whose horizon was limited by his 12 by 6 backyard fence and whose spirits were materially dampened by such trivialities as a leaking kitchen tap or a few drops of rain on his new spring toilet.

He was a snobbish little man, too, was this particular Mr. Jones. He never would associate with any one "in trade"—for trade was "bourgeois" and he prided himself on "class."

"One really cannot know the So-and-Sos," he would pompously observe to his long-suffering wife, "they're not quite 'it,' you know."

We never did quite know just what "it" were (volume in the little monosyllable it meant, but it certainly implied a lot. There one wasn't "it," then one just didn't exist within the range of Mr. Jones' vision.

When war broke out, a change came o'er the spirit of the Jonesian dream. Paterfamilias patriotically squeezed his rotund form within the limits of the khaki tunic and the Sam Brown bandolier, and set forth on the Great Adventure.

Since that great day, many strange things have befallen Mr. Jones and his particular prototypes. How great the changes are even now, when the end of war is not in sight, I have recently learned. For an evening spent at the abode of the Jones family, out in Suburbia, has taught me many things, yet left me greatly wondering.

He was home on five days' leave from the trenches, was Paterfamilias. I hardly would have recognized him. Gone was the rotundity, gone the pompous manner, the maddening self-complacency of former days.

"I never knew what living meant before," he observed with truly surprising meekness. "The thought of the old dull days and that cursed office makes me tierd! To think that I was content to sit, day after day, at the same old grind, never realizing what life meant! Gad, what a blind fool I've been! Never again for me that sepulchre!"

"You're getting a commission soon?" some one inquired.

Paterfamilias frowned. "I believe the Colonel has recommended me for one," he said airily, "but, 'matter of fact, I'd just as soon remain in the ranks. You see as much fighting either way, and I've a special pal in my section that I hate to leave. He's one of the best and liveliest, a costermonger from Whitechapel way—devilish good chap—used to run an all-night fried-fish stand before the war."

We listened thunderstruck. Impossible to believe that such rank heresy issued from the once snobbish lips of the haughty Mr. Jones! A costermonger from a fried-fish stand! But more was yet to follow.

"That chap tells a story better than any raconteur I've ever known. Oh, no, he's not refined—he calls a spade a spade—his stories aren't for the drawing room—but brave? Why, listen to what my coster friend accomplished!"

"It was the other day up in the trenches, the Huns had been quite nasty, firing shrapnel from their field guns and having a long and glorious 'hate.' We lost a few men and got a bit peevish. Then the howitzers began. God, 'twas awful! You know the stuff? It explodes on impact. There was a nasty droning noise, then a smashing concussion, and the earth flew up in a blackish yellow cloud. The air was singing with bits of shell.

"Then came a roar like nothing I'd ever heard before. Friend Coster Bill was hurled high into the air, and thud! he landed on top of me, and down, down, down under the earth we went, suffocating, choking, buried deep in debris. 'Gorblimey!' screams Bill, fighting for breath and doing the Australian crawl swimming stroke. 'I'll give the blasted 'Uns 'ell for this, so 'elp me bob!'"

"And sure enough he did. For when night came—"Ever bayoneted a 'Un, old thing?" he inquired—and I saw he meant business. "I believe I have, I said, 'But I'm willing to do it again.'"

"So we crept out cautiously into No-Man's-Land. A soaring star-shell showed us the figures of four Germans, out on patrol. We followed them. We got them too. Gad, till that moment I'd never known what life meant! Bill cracked the skulls of three of them, and I accounted for the fourth * * * the thrill of it * * *"

The face of quiet Mr. Jones, of Surburbia, was ablaze. His breath was catching, his hands were shaking * * * when suddenly a plaintive little voice was heard outside the door:

"Daddy, please come and kiss me good-night," and a baby's curly head came into view.

There was a sudden silence. The queer, strange light died from the eyes of the speaker, and the hot flush faded. He gave an awkward laugh, and when he rose to leave the room the wild look on his face was replaced by a very tender one * * *.

Yet we who had witnessed the little scene were, as the French say, "given furiously to think." In the last analysis, what will the results of war be on the individual? No one knows. The future alone holds the secret. It rests on the lap of the gods.

GLI ITALIANI COSTRETTI AD EVACUARE LA CIMA DEL MONTE DI CENGIO

Disperati Attacchi Respinti nella Zona del Torrente Posina—I Russi Iniziano Una Poderosa Offensiva

LOTTA VIOLENTISSIMA

ROMA, 6 Giugno.

La seconda fase dell'offensiva austriaca sulla fronte italiana e' ormai iniziata. Si tratta di un poderoso sforza di superare la resistenza del centro italiano dove appunto gli austriaci esercitano ora la massima pressione. Obiettivo austriaco e', secondo i critici militari sulla riva quello di guadagnare posizioni sulla riva meridonale del torrente Posina da dove poi il nemico attaccherebbe le posizioni italiane dominanti di Forni Alti, Colle Xomo, Monte Alba, Colle Posina, Monte Spin, Monte Cogolo, Monte Rione e Monte Rovegno, tutte ben fortificate e' ad un'altezza vkariante di 4000 a 6000 piedi.

Nel medesimo tempo gli austriaci tentano di avanzare sull'altoplano di Arsiero, dove essi sono padroni di Monte Cimone, a 3500 piedi, e delle falde settentrionali di Monte Pridfora. Ivi, i critici militari ritengono, non e' esclusa la possibilita' di respingere gli italiani piu' indietro, ma loro seconda linea si ritiene sufficientemente forte per la protezione di schio che percio' non si considera come seriamente minacciata.

Si fa notare anche che gli italiani sono ora forniti di un buon numero di cannoni di grosso calibro e percio' possono impedire il concentramento di grandi forze di attacco che hanno devuto essere fatte avanzare fino a breve distanza prima di essere contrattaccate.

Nel suo insieme, sebbene la situazione sia certamente seria, si ritiene fermamente che gli italiani potranno arrestare le marcia austriaca verso la pianura.

IL COMUNICATO UFFICIALE.

Per ora e' impegnata sulla fronte italiana una furiosa lotta. Gli attacchi che gli austriaci hanno pronunciato nella giornata di ieri su molti punti sono stati respinti, ma il rapporto del generale Cadorna ammette che gli italiani hanno dovuto ritirarsi dal monte Cengio davanti a forze assai superiori del nemico.

Ecco il testo del rapporto del generale Cadorna, pubblicato ieri sera dal Ministero della Guerra:

Nella Val Daone il 3 giugno reparti nemici sorpresero un nostro posto avanzato nelle vicinanze di Malga Staboletto. Dopo aver ricevuto rinforzi, i nostri contrattaccarono il nemico e lo misero in fuga.

Nella Valle di Ledro si ebbe una intensa ma inefficace azione dell'artiglieria nemico.

Nella Val Lagarina, dopo il solito bombardamento con cannoni di grosso calibro, il nemico tento' ieri un attacco diversivo contro la nostra fronte tra Monte Giovo e Tierno, mentre pronunciava il vero attacco contro le nostre posizioni di Coni Zugna. Fu respinto con gravi perdite.

Nel settore del Pasubio si sono avuti duelli di artiglieria e combattimenti di poca importanza.

Lungo la fronte tra il torrente Posina e l'Astico il nemico, dopo una vigorosa preparazione di artiglieria, ripetette i suoi violenti sforzi contro Monte Alba e Col Posina. Ne venne una lotta disperata ed il nemico, decimato dal nostro fuoco, si ritiro' in disordine.

Nella zona del Monte Cengio sabato sera il nemico, attaccando con forze decisamente superiori, obbligo' le nostre truppe ad evacuare le loro posizioni e ritirarsi sulla linea di Valle Canaglia, dove sono state rinforzate.

Noi conserviamo il possesso delle falde occidentali del Monte Cengio fino a Schiri. Due violenti attacchi del nemico operati nella stessa notte contro queste posizioni si spezzarono contro la resistenza dei nostri. Sul rimanente della fronte fino al Brenta si sono avute soltanto azioni di artiglieria.

Sull'Isonzo i nostri reparti con audaci incursioni si assicurarono un buon bottino di prigionieri e di armi.

L'OFFENSIVA RUSSA.

Intanto giungono dalla Russia ottime notizie. Le forze dello czar, approfittando dei vuoti lasciato dal comando austriaco nelle linee della Bessarabia e della Volinia, hanno iniziato una vigorosissima offensiva contro le linee austriache. Dopo un violento bombaardamento nella regione del fiume Pruth, le fanterie russe sono state lanciate all'attacco delle linee austriache, hanno ricacciato indietro il nemico e gli hanno preso ben 13,000 prigionieri.

Un comunicato ufficiale austriaco ammette che una grande battaglia e' impegnata nella regione del Pruth. L'offensiva si sviluppa su di una fronte di 250 miglia. Essa e' fatta principalmente con lo scopo di alleggerire la pressione che l'Austria, indebolendo le sue linee della Galizia, della Bucovina e della Polonia, ha portato contro la fronte italiana, perfettamente come l'offensiva italiana di un anno fa fece arrestare' la marcia degli austriaci in territorio russo.

I critici militari londinesi ritengono che se anche l'offensiva russa riuscira' soltanto a far arrestare l'offensiva austriaca contro l'Italia, le forze dello czar avranno reso un inestimabile servigio agli alleati. E del resto le conseguenze di una tale offensiva russa, se avra' il successo con cui e' stata iniziata, avra' conseguenze enormi per gli imperi centrali anche perche' potrebbe decidere la Rumania ad intervenire. Ad ogni modo ci troviamo davanti alla piu' poderosa offensiva che i russi abbiano lanciato da un anno a questa parte.

KITCHENER ANNEGATO SULLA COSTA DI SCOZIA

L'Incrociatore Hampshire Affonda e Porta Seco il Comandante dell'Esercito Inglese

L'ammiragliato inglese ha annunciato che l'incrociatore Hampshire, a bordo del quale si trovava il maresciallo di campo lord Kitchener di Khartum, comandante in capo delle forze inglesi di terra, e' affondato al largo della costa settentrionale della Scozia per avere urtato contro una mina o per essere stato silurato. Il maresciallo Kitchener ed il suo stato maggiore sono annegati, come sono annegati tutti coloro che componevano l'equipaggio. Questa e' una grave perdita per l'Inghilterra, giacche' lord Kitchener era ritenuto come il suo soldato migliore, ma e' da notare anche che egli era ora semplicemente l'organizzatore dell'esercito inglese e non il sua comandante diretto.

Le forze russe hanno iniziato una grande vigorosa offensiva sulla fronte austriaca dal confine della Rumania alle paludi del Pripet, e nei primi attacchi hanno fatto prigionieri 18,000 soldati austriaci. Questa offensiva era stata preparata nei lunghi mesi di inverno ed iniziata nei giorni acorsi con violentissimi bombardamenti della postaloni austriache.

Booze $5 a Glass as Drunkards' Cure

HARTFORD, Conn., June 6.—Governor H. Holcomb received a letter yesterday from a woman in Des Moines, suggesting that as a means of decreasing the consumption of whisky, the price be made $5 a glass by Government regulation. If that method failed to do away with intemperance, she advocated "making liquor so cheap that no one would care either to manufacture or drink it." The writer said she was sending similar letters to the President of the United States and to the Governors of all States.

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